COLD WAR KIDS

hold my home

COLD WAR KIDS IS

NATHAN WILLETT

MAUST

DANN GALLUCCI

JOE PLUMMER

MATTHEW SCHWARTZ

ALL SONGS WRITTEN BY COLD WAR KIDS
ENGINEERED, PRODUCED, AND MIXED BY DANN GALLUCCI AND LARS STALFORS

RECORDED BETWEEN MARCH AND APRIL OF 2014 AT PORT OF CALL STUDIO, SAN PEDRO, CA
ADDITIONAL RECORDING AND MIXING AT INFRASONIC SOUNDS, STUDIO B
MASTERED BY JOE LAPORTA AT STERLING SOUND
JESSICA TONDER ON BACKGROUND VOCALS FOR “HEAR MY BABY CALL”
ART & LAYOUT BY MAUST
JACK BECERRA AS MIXING ASSISTANT
MUCH GRATITUDE TO UNIVERSAL AUDIO

COLD WAR KIDS ARE MANAGED EXCLUSIVE FOR THE WORLD BY BRETT WILLIAMS OF MONOTONE INC.
COLDWARKIDS.COM

RETURN TO TACKYLAND

RECORDED LIVE & MIXED 8/24/15 AT TACKYLAND BY MATT WIGNALL
MAUST - BASS
MATTHEW SCHWARTZ - KEYS, VOX
NATHAN WILLETT - VOX, GUITAR

PRODUCED, WRITTEN, & PERFORMED BY COLD WAR KIDS
ADDITIONAL VOCALS - CHRIS PEARCE & NAILAH PORTER
VIOLIN & CELLO - JEN SIMONE, GINGER MURPHY
PERCUSSION - ERICK NIETO

MASTERED BY SARAH REGISTER
PHOTOGRAPHY BY ALLISTER ANN

BY

Mrs Cut

ALL THIS COULD BE YOURS

FIRST

HOT COALS

DRIVE DESPERATE

HOTEL ANYWHERE

GO QUIETLY

NIGHTS & WEEKENDS

HOLD MY HOME

FLOWER DRUM SONG

HAROLD BLOOM

HEAR MY BABY CALL

ALL THIS COULD BE YOURS

I've been silent partner, I've been your shrink
I have heard your sad luck misfortune speech
But I'll have sympathy when you get off your seat
Before this bitterness becomes a disease

I have cracked the code on this old machine
Ten thousand hours to be released
But I've been wondering why can't you see?
When the door opens up go where it leads

I have been waiting, for you to find
All of this could be yours
Be yours tonight

You are backing up but I gave you a bed
You would rather crash than go straight ahead
I wrote this years ago but it's finished today
With the help of a friend who was fearless to say

I have been waiting, but you need a sign
All of this could be yours
Be yours tonight

I have been patient, but you got to try
All of this could be yours
Be yours tonight

FIRST

Cheated and lied, broken so bad
You made a vow, never get mad
You'll play the game, though it's unfair
They're all the same, who can compare
First you lose trust, then you get worried

Night after night, bar after club
Dropping like flies, who woke you up?
On the front lawn, sprinklers turn on
It's not your house
Where'd you go wrong?
First you get hurt, then you feel sorry

Flying like a cannonball, falling to the earth
Heavy as a feather, when you hit the dirt
How am I the lucky one?
I do not deserve to wait around forever when you were there first
First you get hurt, then you feel sorry

There comes a time in a short life
Turn it around, get a re-write
Call it a dark night of the soul
Ticking of clocks, gravity's pull
First you get close, then you get worried

You're going silent, silent treatment,
It's not inviting now
Don't deny what you meant
You get excited , you got a feeling
Or at least you can pretend
You wanna light it, now the candle from both ends
You get excited

First you get close, then you get worried

HOT COALS

I don't feel a thing walking on hot coals
No sensitivity in a fog of war
Try to unwind to enjoy the good life
But the pressure that I hold on my shoulders goes

I suspect the reason I am loved
Is because of how tight I'm holding on

Nowadays you're supposed to talk problems on and on
Whatever happened to the old-fashioned strong and silent type?

What they didn't know is once you get us in touch with our feelings
You would never hear the end, once you pull the pin

I suspect the reason I am loved
Is because of how tight I'm holding on
If I set you free, If I let go
Tell me would I still be the one you want?

Even a broken clock is right twice a day
Even a busted lock can keep a thief away

He's not the type and soldiers
Don't go to hell
It's a place reserved for the twisted and evil
Now you ask how I'm feeling
I told you then
You're gonna torture me slowly with it

I am falling behind

DRIVE DESPERATE

The road, a yellow line unfolds
Jagged then corrodes, Pomona first of all
Machines they rush in a trance
Engines of despair
The taste of desert air
The wheels while we turn
Slowly will burn

Follow me will you? Follow me will you?
Follow me down until
I will admire, I need someone who will

In parking lots you learned
Boredom made you small
Asphalt and the oil
Conversations dull
Memories pull you down
Engine presses toward
The dark the future holds
Will bring some bright morning

To find the words that lift me high
I'd tear a whole up in the sky
I'd beg for your approval just to know
I'm on the right course
A trance, the engines of despair
The taste of desert air
The wheels while we turn
They will slowly burn

Not alone
We are not alone
We are not alone
On this road

HOTEL ANYWHERE

I have withdrawn
Out of the game
Erase my image
Rewrite my name
I can be invisible
The room service cleans
Sulley will bang on my door
With the cream

I am awake, I am awake
I'm here to stay
Hotel Anywhere, USA

It's 3 AM
The bed moans and quakes
I'm dying to know who's in ecstasy

I put my ear up to the wall
Somehow I feel connected to it all

I am awake, I am awake
On the run
Hotel Anywhere USA

Hold me down, I won't float away

I write and I paint
I live and I breathe
It's incredible how little I need
I've been enlightened, away from my scene
I find the beauty in everything

Hold me down, I'm floating in space

GO QUIETLY

Talk to me well
All I could say
Is I need a few days
Of quiet and space

Now that I'm here
Restless in chains
It could have been fun
If it wasn't so strange

And now you wanted to share your life
And now you want to be free to fly
But no, you can't have 'em both
Tonight decides what tomorrow knows

I could become some other man
You easily crush in the palm of your hand
Or one who puts you in the ring
Who runs away runs away runs when you swing

And now you wanted to share your life
And now you want to be free to fly
But it's all or nothing you know
Tonight decides what tomorrow knows

Keep up with me, baby
I would never want to force your hand
It's a mystery to me
In a language that you understand

NIGHTS & WEEKENDS

While they lined up to wait
On Black Friday
In a panic with shopping bags

There were magazine racks
Of cruel attacks
Seven new ways to please your man

She’s everywhere you look
Everywhere you look

Well she wanted to dance but lost her chance
Now she feels like a waste of space
On an island you might be in your mind
But your soul won’t be cast away

Here she comes

You’re above it
You wanted it all

HOLD MY HOME

London fog and an empty suitcase
Choreography in Piccadilly
It’s time to carve out a place in the sun
I’d like to hold my home where
The seasons never ever change

Charlie the painter in Japan
We have grown apart
The cigarette the gardener throws in the grass
I’d like to hold my home where
The mountains run right into the sea

Holiday in the waves

Feet in the sand in St. Tropez
She is a woman of the world
Letting the past go to get what you want
I’d like to hold my home where
The seasons never ever change

FLOWER DRUM SONG

Clear out the spiderwebs in your mind
When a hint of violence makes you cry
Get on my speedboat
The water's fine
The ocean calms you down
Leaves you kind

You're no psychologist
But you know why
You get so upset
When time slips by
Face your enemy
He's laughing while
You run circles round but you can't hide

I'll be the one who reaches out when you're gone
I need the salt in the wound for another song
I'll be the one who gets us both out of this
I tell it like it is
You call it arrogance

You're drawn to confidence
It gets you high
But it leaves you powerless
In a trophy life
You're no apologist
And you'd go blind
Before you ever let
Let 'em see you cry

Sing the Flower Drum Song

HAROLD BLOOM

When you wake, levitate
Ideas pouring out
Then you set out to make
Something great
Nothing comes out

Are you quick on your feet?
It's time to dig deep

So don't lift your heroes up so high
That you can't touch
Don't let your innocence go dry before the flood

Guardians at the gate let you in
Into their mansions
I'm the acid head homeless man who demands an explanation

Can you be wise if you never leave the room?
There will always be another Harold Bloom
To criticize your every move

So don't lift your heroes up so high
That you can't touch
Don't let your innocence go dry before the flood

℗ & © 2014 DOWNTOWN RECORDS. 568 BROADWAY, STE. 705, NEW YORK, NY 10012. DOWNTOWNRECORDS.COM
MANUFACTURED AND DISTRIBUTED IN THE UNITED STATES BY RED DISTRIBUTION, LLC. 345 HUDSON ST, 6TH FL., NEW YORK, NY 10014
WARNING: UNAUTHORIZED DUPLICATION IS A VIOLATION OF APPLICABLE LAWS AND SUBJECT TO CRIMINAL PUNISHMENT. DWT70397